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Sand's Sarsaparilla, Townsend's do., Ayer's do., Bristol's do., Shaker's do., Root's do., Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, Balsam for the Lungs, Balsam of Wild Cherry, Hypophosphates of Lime & Soda, Compound Extract of Buchu, Capesules, Thon's Extract, Crossman's Specific, Pills and Ointments, of various kinds, Liniments, Plasters, Pectoral Pumping, Sponges, Hamburg Tea, Lily White, Fumigating Paste, Trusses, J. B. Cook's Nipples, Nipple Shields, Lubin's and Pinaud's Extracts, Toilet Articles, Lip Salve.

Indelible Pencils, a New Invention Hair Restorers and Dressings, Syringes, Leeches, etc., etc.

Drugs of all kinds.

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## MAKE PLANTATION.

NEW CROP OF SUGAR AND MOLASSES NOW COMING IN.

For sale by C. BREWER & Co., Agents.

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## R. R. R.

90 OUT OF 100

OF DEATHS, that annually occur, are caused by Preventable Diseases, and the greater portion of those complaints would, if Radway's Ready Relief or Pills, (as the case may require,) were administered when pain or uneasiness or slight sickness is experienced, be exterminated from the system in a few hours. PAIN, no matter from what cause, is almost instantly cured by the Ready Relief. In cases of Cholera, Diarrhoea, Cramps, Spasms, Bilious Cholice, in fact all Pains, Aches and Infirmities either in the Stomach, Bowels, Bladder, Kidneys, or the Joints, Muscles, Legs, Arms, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Fever and Ague, Headache, Toothache, &c., will in a FEW MINUTES yield to the soothing influence of the Ready Relief.

Sudden Colds, Coughs, Influenza, Diphtheria, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Chills, Fever and Ague, Malaria, Scarlet Fever, &c., &c., take from four to six of Radway's Pills, and also take a teaspoonful of the Ready Relief in a glass of warm water, sweetened with sugar or honey; rub the throat and chest with Ready Relief, (if Ague or Intermittent Fever, bathe the spine also) in the morning you will be cured.

## How the Ready Relief Acts!

In a few minutes the patient will feel a slight tingling irritation, and the skin becomes reddened; if there is much distress in the stomach, the Relief will assist nature in removing the offending cause—a general warmth is felt throughout the entire body, and its diffusive stimulating properties rapidly courses through every vein and tissue of the system, arousing the sluggish and partially paralyzed glands and organs to renewed and healthy action, perspiration follows, and the surface of the body feels increased heat. The sickness at stomach, colds, chills, head-ache, oppressed breathing, the soreness of the throat, and all pains, either internally or externally, rapidly subside, and the patient falls into a tranquil sleep, awakes refreshed, invigorated, cured.

It will be found that in using the Ready Relief externally, either on the spine or across the kidneys, or over the stomach and bowels, that for several days after a pleasing warmth will be felt, showing the length of time it continues its influence over the diseased parts.

Price of R. R. R. RELIEF, 50 cents per bottle. Sold by Druggists and Country Merchants, Grocers, &c.

## RADWAY & CO.,

87 Maiden Lane, New York.

## TYPHOID FEVER.

This disease is not only cured by Dr. Radway's Relief and Pills, but prevented. If exposed to it, put one teaspoonful of Relief in a tumbler of water. Drink this before going out in the morning, and several times during the day. Take one of Radway's Pills one hour before dinner, and one on going to bed.

If seized with Fever, take 4 to 6 of the Pills every six hours, until copious discharges from the bowels take place; also drink the Relief diluted with water, and bathe the entire surface of the body with Relief. Soon a powerful perspiration will take place, and you will feel a pleasant heat throughout the system. Keep on taking Relief repeatedly, every four hours, and the Pills. A cure will be sure to follow. The relief is strengthening, stimulating, soothing, and quieting; it is sure to break up the fever and to neutralize the poison. Let this treatment be followed, and thousands will be saved. The same treatment in Fever and Ague, Yellow Fever, Ship Fever, Bilious Fever, will effect a cure in 24 hours. When the patient feels the Relief irritating or heating the skin, a cure is positive. In all cases where pain is felt the Relief should be used.

Relief 50 cts; Pills 25 cts. Sold by all Druggists.

See Dr. Radway's Almanac for 1868

## For Sale by

Crane & Brigham, San Francisco, R. H. McDonald & Co, San Francisco, Justin Gates & Bro, Sacramento, And by all Druggists and Country Merchants.

## The Condemned Sentinel.

A STORY OF THE FRENCH ARMY.

On a cold stormy night in the month of March, 1867, Marshal Lefebvre, with twenty-seven thousand French troops, had invested Dantzic. The city was garrisoned by seventeen thousand Russian and Prussian soldiers, and these, together with twenty or thirty thousand well-armed citizens, presented nearly double the force which could be brought to the assault. So there was need of the utmost vigilance on the part of the sentinels, for a desperate sortie from the garrison made unwarlike might prove calamitous.

At midnight Jerome Dubois was placed upon one of the most important posts in the advanced line of pickets, it being a narrow strip of land raised above the marshy flat, called the peninsula of Nehring. For more than an hour he paced his lonely post, without hearing anything more than the moaning of the wind and the driving of the rain. At length, however, another sound broke upon his ear. He stooped and listened, and presently he called out:

"Who's there?" The only answer was a moaning sound.

He called again, and this time, he heard something like the cry of a child; and pretty soon the object came towards him out from the darkness. With a quick euphatic movement he brought his musket to the charge and ordered the intruder to halt.

"Mercy!" exclaimed a childish voice. "Don't shoot me; I am Natalie. Don't you know me?"

"Heavens!" cried Jerome, elevating the muzzle of his piece. "Is it you dear child?"

"Yes; and you are good Jerome. Oh, you will come and help mamma! Come, she is dying!"

It was certainly Natalie, a little girl only eight years old, daughter of Lisette Vailliant. Lisette was the daughter of Pierre Vailliant, a sergeant in Jerome's own regiment, and was in the army in the capacity of nurse.

"Why, how is this, my child," said Jerome, taking the little one by the arm—"what is it about your mother?"

"Oh, good Jerome, can you hear her now?"

The sentinel bent his ear, but could hear only the wind and rain.

"Mamma is in the mud," said the child, "and is dying; she is not far away. Oh, I can hear her crying."

By degrees Jerome gathered from Natalie, that her father had taken her out with him in the evening, when the storm came on. Her mother came after her, and the sergeant had offered to send a man back to camp with his wife; but she preferred to return alone, feeling sure that she would meet with no trouble. The way, however, had become dark and uncertain, and she lost her path, and wandered off to the edge of the morass, where she sunk into the soft mud.

"Oh, good Jerome," cried the little one, seizing the man's hand, "can't you hear her? She will die if you do not come and help her!"

At that moment he fancied he heard the wail of the unfortunate woman. What should he do? Lisette he heard, the beautiful, tender-hearted Lisette, was in mortal danger, and it was in his power to save her. It was not in his power to withstand the pleadings of the child. He could go and rescue the nurse and return to the post without detection. At all events, he could not refuse the childish pleading.

"Give me your hand, Natalie, I will go with you."

With a cry of joy, the child sprang to the soldier's side, and when she had secured his hand she hurried him along towards the place where she had left her mother. It seemed a long distance to Jerome, and once he stopped as though he would turn back. He did not fear death, but he feared dishonor.

"Hark!" uttered the child. The soldier listened, and plainly heard the voice of the suffering woman calling for help. He hesitated no longer. On he hastened through the storm, and found Lisette, sunk to her armpits in the soft morass. Fortunately, a tuft of long grass had been within her reach, by which she held her head above the fatal mud. It was no easy task to extricate her from the miry pit, as he had to be very careful that he did not himself lose his footing. At length, however, she was drawn forth, and Jerome led her toward his post.

"Who comes there?" cried a voice from the gloom.

"Heavens!" gasped Jerome, stopping and trembling from head to foot.

"Who comes there?" again repeated the voice.

Jerome heard the click of a musket-lock, and well he knew that another sentinel had been stationed at the post he had left. The rifle guard had come, while he was absent.

"Friend, with the countersign!" he answered to the new sentinel.

He was ordered to advance, and when he had given the countersign, he found himself in the presence of the officer of the guard. In a few hurried words he told his story, and had the officer been alone, he might have allowed the matter to rest where it was; but there were others present, and when ordered to give up his musket, he obeyed without a murmur, and silently accompanied the officer to the camp, where he was at once put in irons.

On the following morning Jerome Dubois was brought before a court-martial, under charge of having deserted his post. He confessed that he was guilty, and then permission was granted him to tell his own story.

This he did in a few words, but the court could do nothing but pass sentence of death; but the members all signed a petition, and the court was adjourned until the next day, and this petition was sent to the General of the division, by whom it was endorsed and sent up to the marshal.

Lefebvre was kind and generous to his soldiers, almost to a fault; but he could not overlook so grave an error as that which had been committed by Dubois. The orders given to the sentinel had been very simple, and foremost, of very necessity, was the order forbidding him to leave his post until properly relieved. To a certain extent, the safety of the whole army rested upon the shoulders of each individual sentinel, and especially upon those, who at night, were posted nearest the lines of the enemy.

"I am sorry," said the gray haired old warrior, as he folded up the petition and handed it back to the officer who presented it. "I am sure that the man meant no wrong, and yet a great wrong was done. He knew what he was doing; he ran the risk; he was detected; he has been tried and condemned, and he must suffer."

They asked Lefebvre if he would see the condemned.

"No, no!" the Marshal cried quickly. "Should I see him and listen to one-half of his story, I might pardon him, and that must not be done. Let him die, that thousands may be saved."

The time fixed for the execution of Dubois was the morning succeeding the trial. The result of the interview with Marshal Lefebvre was made known to him, and he was not at all disappointed; he blamed no one, and was only sorry that he had not died upon the battle-field.

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"I have tried to be a good soldier," he said to his captain. "I feel that I have done no crime that would leave a stain upon my name."

The captain took his hand and assured him that his name should be held in respect. Toward evening, Pierre Vailliant, with his wife and child, were admitted to see the prisoner. This was a visit which Jerome would gladly have dispensed with, as his feelings were already wrought up to a pitch that almost unmanned him; but he braced himself for the interview, and would have stood it like a hero had not little Natalie, in the eagerness of her love and gratitude, thrown herself upon his bosom and offered to die in his stead. This tipped the brimming cup, and his tears flowed freely. Pierre and Lisette knew not what to say. They wept and prayed, and would willingly have died for the noble fellow who had thus been condemned.

Later in the evening came a companion, who, if he lived, would at some time return to Jerome's boyhood home. First, the condemned thought of his widowed mother, and he sent her a message of love and devotion. Then he thought of a brother and sister; and finally, he thought of one—a bright-eyed maid, whose vine-clad cot stood upon the banks of the Seine, whom he had loved with a love such as only great hearts can feel.

"Oh, my dear friend!" he cried, bowing his head upon his clasped hands, "you need not tell me a falsehood, but if the thing is possible, let them believe that I fell in battle."

His companion promised that he would do all he could, and if the truth could not be kept back, it should be so faithfully told that the name of Jerome Dubois should not bear dishonor in the minds of those who had loved him in other days.

Morning came, dull and gloomy, with drizzle and snow. An early hour Jerome Dubois was led forth to meet his fate. The place of execution had been fixed upon a low, barren spot towards the sea, and thither his division was being marched to witness the fearful punishment. They had gained not more than half the distance when the sound of some strange commotion broke upon the wintry air, and very shortly an aide-camp came rushing to the side of the General of the brigade with the cry—

"A sortie! a sortie! The enemy are out in force. Let this thing be stayed. The Marshal directs that you face about and advance upon the peninsula!"

In an instant all was changed in that division, and the Brigade of Chosiova, instead of temporary command, thundered forth his orders for the countermarch. The gloom was dissipated, and with glad hearts the soldiers turned from the execution of a brave comrade to thoughts of meeting the enemy.

"What shall we do with the prisoner?" asked the sergeant who had charge of the guard.

"Lead him back to camp," replied the Captain.

The direction was very simple, but the execution thereof was not so easy, for hardly had the words escaped the Captain's lips when a squadron of Prussian cavalry came dashing towards them.

The division was quickly formed into a hollow square, while the guard that held charge of the prisoner found themselves obliged to flee.

"In Heaven's name," cried Jerome Dubois, "cut my hands and let me die like a soldier."

The sergeant quickly cut the cords that bound his elbows behind him, and then dashed towards the point where his own company was stationed. The rattle of musketry had commenced, and the Prussians were vainly endeavoring to break the squares of the French troops. Jerome Dubois looked about for some weapon with which to arm himself, and presently he saw a Prussian officer, not far off, red in his saddle as though he had been wounded.

With a quick bound he reached the spot, pulled the dying officer from his seat, and leaped into the empty saddle.

Dubois was firmly resolved that he would sell his life on that day—sell it in behalf of his country, and not as it deserved as possible. He was not used to riding a horse, but he knew that the Prussians could not break those hollow squares, as he rode away, thinking to join the French cavalry, with whom he could rush into the deepest danger. Supposing that the heaviest fighting must be upon the Nehring, he rode his horse in that direction, and when he reached it, he found that he was not mistaken. Upon a slight eminence toward Hadelberg the enemy had planted a battery of heavy guns, supported by two regiments of infantry, and already with shot and shell, immense damage had been done.

Marshal Lefebvre rode up shortly after this battery had opened, and very quickly made up his mind that it must be taken at all hazards.

"Take that battery!" he said to a Colonel of cavalry, "and the battle is ours."

Dubois heard the order and saw the necessity. Here was danger enough, surely; he determined to be the first at the fatal battery, and kept as near to the leader as he could, and he was not far from being gained, when from the hill came a storm of iron that plowed into the French. The Colonel fell, his body literally torn in pieces by a shell that exploded against his bosom.

The point upon the peninsula now reached by the head of the assaulting column was not more than a hundred yards wide, and it was literally a path of death, as the fire of twelve guns were directed upon it. The Colonel had fallen, and very soon three other officers went down, leaving the advance without a commissioned leader. The path was becoming blocked up with dead men and dead horses, and the head of the column stopped and wavered.

Marshal Lefebvre, from his elevated position, saw this, and his heart throbbed painfully. If that column was routed and the Russian infantry charged over the peninsula, the result might be calamitous.

But, see! A man in the uniform of a French private, mounted on a powerful horse, and armed with a sabre, a Prussian staff officer, with his head bare, and a bright sabre swinging in his hand, rushed to the front, and urged the column forward. His words are fiery, and his look is dauntless.

"For France and Lefebvre!" the strange horseman cries, waving his sword aloft and pointing to the battery. The Marshal will weep if he loses this day.

The brave trooper, thus led by one who feared not to dash forward where the shot fell thickest, gave an answering shout and pressed on, caring little for the rain of death so long as they had a living leader to follow. Hoping that he might take the battery, and get courting death, Jerome Dubois spurred on; finally the troops came upon the battery with irresistible force.

It was not in the power of the cannoniers to withstand the shock, and the Russian infantry that came to their support were swept away like chaff. The battery was quickly captured, and when the guns had been turned upon those who had but a short time before were their masters, the fortune of the day was decided. The Russians and Prussians—horse, foot, and dragoons—such as were not taken prisoners,

having lost much more than they had gained.

Jerome Dubois returned to the guard-house, and gave himself up to the officer in charge. First a surgeon was called to dress several light wounds which he had received. Next his Colonel was called to see what should be done with him. The Colonel applied to the General of the brigade, the General of the division, and he applied to Marshal Lefebvre.

"What shall we do with Jerome Dubois?"

"God bless him!" cried the Marshal, who would have the whole story; "I'll pardon him to-day, and to-morrow I'll promote him."

And Jerome Dubois, in time, went himself to see the loved ones in France, and when he went he wore the uniform of Captain.

CONCERNING CALVES.—Calves are of very ancient origin. The first one distinctly mentioned in history must have been a *suu-generis*,—perhaps I should say a *suu-generis*,—was a cow, as is credibly informed by one T. Hood, that a Miss Kilmenny also had a golden calf. Be that as it may, the calf I speak of was roasted at an early age, and probably there is none of that stock in market now.

Some time after this Jacob "made a good thing" on calves. He was considered a pretty sharp operator at that time, and as one of his calves was speckled, we get the word *speckled*, *speckled*, *speckled*, &c. As American securities were not in market at that time, and English Consols were quoted below par, perhaps Jacob could not have done better; at all events, he "bullied the market"; to some purpose.

It is a source of self-congratulation to think that I was not obliged to live at that time, for I am not passionately fond of speckled calves.

I found one at the barn a few mornings since, and in a moment of desperation resolved to raise it. Was advised to bring it up by hand. It is a very nice way to bring up calves. I did it in this way. Got a pail of warm milk, and carried the calf to a corner, and, according to instructions, put a finger in its mouth, and—made a discovery. Calves must cut their teeth when quite young. This one chewed up three fingers and then butted the pail over. That ended the first lesson. Got my fingers done up, and was then advised to give it a cob to suck and stand in with some more milk and a basket of corn. Put one in its mouth and jammed its head into the pail. After a few splutters and splurges, it succeeded in getting the cob half way down its throat, and commenced coughing. I thought the little darling would choke to death. Am sorry it didn't.

Just as it was about to cough, and sent the pail and one hand through the side of the barn—lurch head-ack to that. One of my boys remarked that "it went full steer." From the looks of my hand I thought it did. After that the calf had another choking spell, but it was not caused by cobs. As I started to go after my hand and it gave another butt—just why particularly I am of the opinion that that calf was made wrong end.

My wife here volunteered the suggestion that "I lacked in patience, and she knew that she could feed it." Meekly I allowed her to try, and with placid serenity looked on while she did so. It was a lively scene. After chasing the calf around a while, she managed to get hold of one of its ears. Bringing it up, she succeeded in getting its nose in the pail, when "presto, change," over went the milk. My wife is of an economical turn of mind, and succeeded in securing most of that pail of milk in the folds of her dress.

I sincerely hope the calf will forget the lesson it has learned, for he is a she-calf, and I dislike a kicking calf. Am of the opinion that that calf was made wrong end.

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## Japanese Accounts of the State of the Country.

The Tokugawa Tycoon has held the Government for three hundred years, and his power had grown very great, when the foreigners came over to Japan; so the Tycoon explained to the Mikado their request in regard to the opening of ports and commerce; but he had so many difficulties in obtaining his consent, that he was obliged to conclude treaties with foreigners for the benefit of the country without that consent. This is the cause of the difficulty which has arisen between the Tycoon and Daimios.

As the Mikado has been accustomed to the long peace of several hundred years, and strictly adheres to the unchanged old rules, he knows little about the condition of the country, so he has listened to the Daimios, according to whose opinion he has given orders.

The secret plan of Satsuma to deprive the power of the Tycoon had been made several years before, and Chosiova has united with him. But Chosiova first commenced war near the Mikado's palace, and he also attacked foreigners. Thus he in various ways offended the Tokugawa. As soon as Satsuma found that the power of Tokugawa gradually grew less he differed in opinion with him as to the opening of Higo Port with the view of ultimately opposing him. But the Tycoon being unwilling to bring disturbance into the country, of his own will resigned his office, surrendering his power to the Mikado. At this Satsuma and others have been much more encouraged, and entered Yedo, and plundered the people.

To ascertain where these plunderers came from, the guards of the city kept close watch at some houses in town. One of the plunderers fired a gun at them, and shot one or two of them dead; but afterwards the guard still kept themselves quiet, and did not move to attack them. They discovered that they belonged to Satsuma. Tokugawa gave orders to his troops to punish them, and destroy the yashikis of Satsuma. This being done, the survivors fled to Miako, and reported to their superiors what had taken place in Yedo.

On hearing of their anger became furious, and they sent the troops of Satsuma and Chosiova under the pretext of the Imperial order, commenced war at Foshimi and Yedo. Soon after the Tycoon left the castle of Osaka the men commenced plundering under the pretext that they were making capture. It cannot be understood why Satsuma so often changed the rule which he made at the door of every house, the owner of which had presented money to Tokugawa; he first marked that property which was captured by Satsuma, and he marked again that property which was kept by him and no one could touch it, lastly, he marked that property which was examined by him.

The Mikado has raised his forces to attack Tokugawa and put some of Satsuma and Chosiova's men as advancing troops, but the Tycoon knows that the Mikado's orders should be observed, so he has gone out of the castle and confined himself at Wooyeno in order to show that he shall not oppose the Imperial forces. It is rumored that the Mikado entered Yedo yesterday with warlike equipments. Any one who gets near the Mikado and talks often with him can be listened to by him.

During the time when Tokugawa was in prosperous state for three hundred years the Mikado left the Government under his charge without listening to any Daimios. Later when Chosiova fired guns near the Mikado's palace Satsuma united with Tokugawa in attacking him in Miako, but when Tokugawa was engaged in attacking Chosiova in his country, Satsuma did exert himself in giving assistance to Chosiova. Now Satsuma and Chosiova have joined together